

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



"A"

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"B"

ALLIED WITH 1ST THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

STANLEY BARRACKS
TORONTO, ONT.

MAY, 1933

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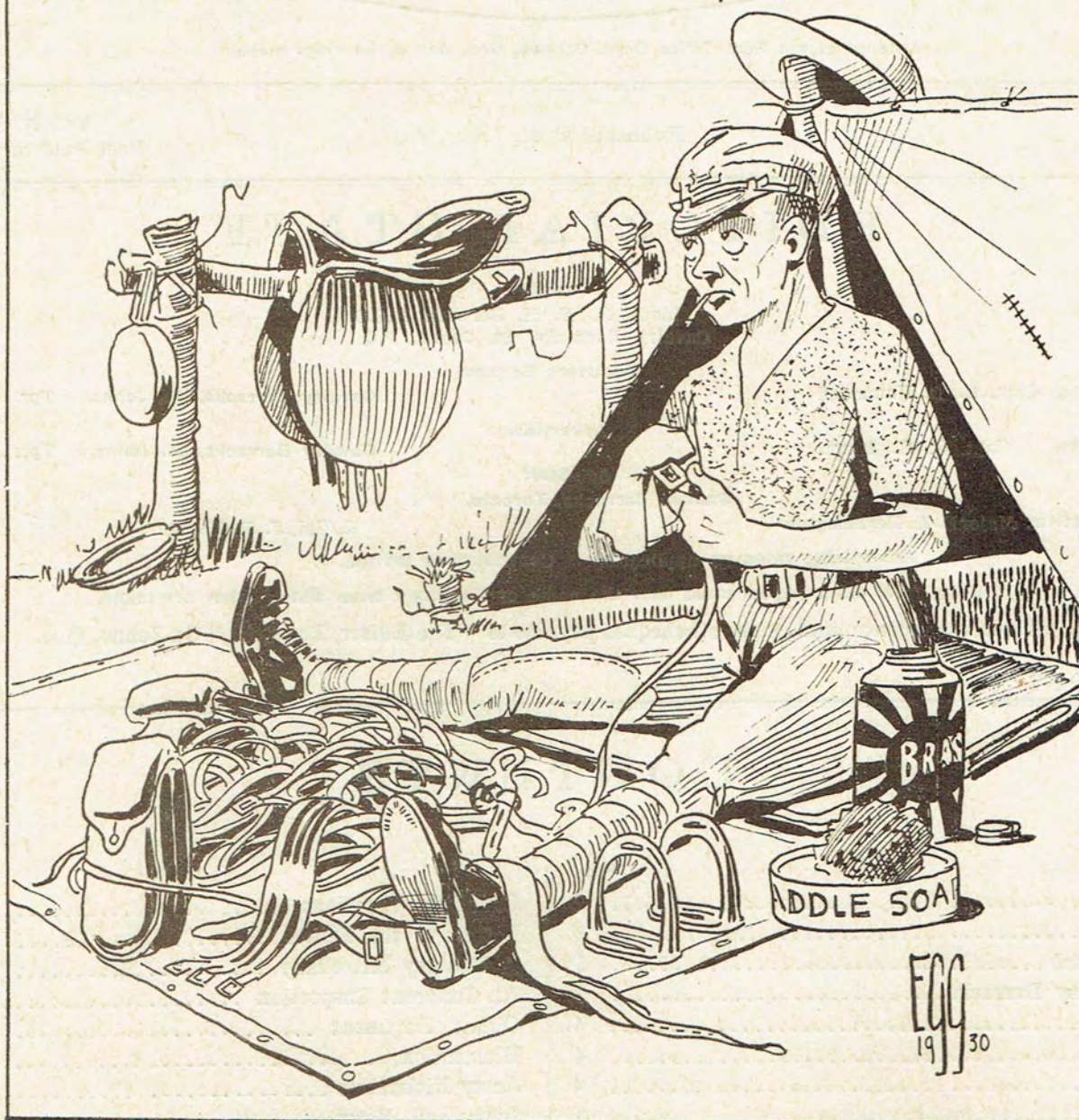
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MY SADDLERY

The hours I spend with thee dear heart
Makes me look like a Christmas tree
I shine the buckles every one apart
My Saddlery — My Saddlery!





The editor, better known as "Jimmy" Wood, in handing over the office of Editor to Lt. E. W. H. Berwick, wishes to thank all the subscribers, contributors, and advertisers for their very loyal support given him during his tour of duty in the Editorial chair and assures them all of his continued support in their interests of the "Goat" generally.

Mr. Berwick brings with him to the Editors chair, youthful enthusiasm to carry on the work of the "Goat" and with the support of

all concerned to make the regimental paper better than ever.

Capt. Wood returned from a visit to Ottawa, during his stay in Ottawa, many ex-Dragoons were met, greetings exchanged, and their best wishes now conveyed to all ranks. Major D. A. Grant, now on duty at N.D.H.Q. sits behind a desk and does not ride as much as when at duty, was looking very fit and well, ex-S.M.I. R. J. Brown was looking very fit, he is now serving with the 4th Hussars.

Personal & Regimental

Among visitors to Cavalry Barracks during the month were Brigadier General W. W. P. Gibsons, C.B.E., D.S.O., Lt.-Col. B. W. Brown, D.S.O., M.C., Col. E. V. Tamlyn, D.S.O., C.B.E., and Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie of Montreal, we understand that Colonel Bowie has purchased a farm near Cornwall, and we all accordingly wish him all kinds of success and good luck in these new endeavours.

Trooper "Jock" Henderson of 'B' Sqn. Toronto paid us a visit to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, during the Easter holidays, we were all very glad to see "Jock" but considered that he did not look quite up to the mark. We hope to see you looking better next time Jock.

Congratulations are extended to Trooper and Mrs. R. Randle of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on the birth of a son, May 12th, 1933.

The 17th D.Y.R.C.H. Sergeants Mess "wish to convey their best regards to the Sergeants Mess at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns and hope to see their smiling faces in the near future.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Athanase Church, Iberville, Que., on April 29th when

Miss Madeleine Lariviere, daughter of Madam Emery Lariviere, was given in marriage to Mr. L. R. Albertson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Albertson of Montreal, a good many friends were in attendance. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the Bride's mother, after which the young couple motored to Montreal where they spent a week.

The groom, who is now serving in the R.C.A.M.C. Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, will be remembered by many friends in B. Sqn. Toronto, where he served for some years. We all wish them the best of luck and success.

We offer sincere congratulations to Trooper Cailier, of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on being presented with a son the end of last month, fine work Cailier. When are you going to give that article on "The day we moved from our house" it sounds interesting.

Copy of Telegram

Officer Commanding,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
Toronto, Ont.

Most grateful telegram from Old Comrades Association sending good wishes on Moreuil Anniversary. Please convey my very best wishes to all.

General Jack Seely,

We are glad to see that Mrs. Jewkes and young son Peter, of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, are well on the road to recovery after three months of serious illness. Also to see that Mrs. Stanton, R. C.E. also of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, is convalescing nicely, after a serious illness. Tpr. "Bill" Campbell we are glad to say is able to get around again, after being laid up for two months with a fractured leg, the result of a kick from a horse.

ANNUAL DINNER

Royal Canadian Dragoons
Officers Past and Present.

STANLEY BARRACKS
TORONTO

22nd April 1933

Toasts

The King

The Regiment

Proposed by Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

Responded to by Major-Gen V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G.
Colonel Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Silent Toast

Ex-Officers

Proposed by Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Responded to by Col. W. Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons Annual Re-union dinner for past and present Officers of the Regiment was held in the Mess at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, on Saturday, 22nd of April 1933.

The Messroom, table, and appointments presented a most attractive display. The flowers were especially pleasing, being so arranged as to portray the Regimental colours.

Twenty-four officers past and present were called to the Mess room, by the sounding of the "Regimental Call" followed by

"Officers Mess" on the silver trumpets.

The following officers past and present, were "On Parade":

Major General V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G.

Major-General J. H. Elmsley, C. B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Col. W. Rhoades, D.S.O. M.C.

Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.

Lt.-Col. E. L. Caldwell,

Major W. Baty,

Major N. Medhurst

Major E. A. Hethrington,

Major M. H. A. Drury,

Major A. Jarvis, M.C.

Major P. F. Arnold,

Capt. C. Berteau,

Capt. H. E. Cochran.

Capt. L. D. Hammond,

Captain S. C. Bate,

Captain C. C. Mann,

Lieut. H. A. Phillips,

Lieut. A. P. Ardagh,

Lieut. J. H. Larocque.

Mr. H. D. Warren,

Mr. W. H. Wardrope,

Mr. R. G. Myles,

Mr W. A. H. Macbrien,

The speeches consisted of the time-honored ones: "Our Colonel-in-Chief, His Majesty the King" "The Regiment" proposed by Lt. Colonel D. B. Bowie, D.S.O. and responded to by the Colonel, Maj. General, V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G. "Silent Toast" and a toast to the Past Officers proposed by Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., and responded to by Col. W. Rhoades, D.S.O., M.C.

Before leaving, the Past Officers drank a toast to the serving Officers.

The serving officers always appreciate the efforts made by Past Officers to be present on these occasions, and realize that without their efforts re-unions would be impossible.

It is sufficient to conclude by saying, that the dinner of 1933 may be regarded as a decided success, and worthy of record in the history of the Regiment.

Many interesting letters and telegrams were received from the



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following officers, who were unable to be present, but sent their best wishes for the success of the evening.

General Sir Richard Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

Major-General MacBrien, C.B., C.M.G., D.C.O.

Colonel Walker Bell, D.S.O.

Major Nordheimer, M.C.

Major Whitehead, M.C.

Col. Muirhead, O.B.E.

Major Ned Williams,

Captain Mingie, M.C.

Capt. Bray,

Lt. Charles Rheault,

Major Steer, M.C.

Capt. Fortye,

Major Stethem.

Capt. Gillispie,

We regret to learn that Gen. Nelles has been laid up in a hospital, in New York, with an attack of appendicitis and has only just returned to Niagara-on-the-Lake, this was the reason that he was unable to come to our dinner.

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A Regimental March has been adopted and set to sheet music.

The Regiment is also in possession of this music in the form of band cards for a 62 piece band.

This March will be used on all ceremonial occasions when a band is present and for Musical Ride entry and exit march.

Copies of the March arranged as Pianoforte (solo sheet) music can be obtained for 35c a copy from the canteen at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith Co., Limited, General Printers, St. Johns, Q. C.

Toronto Horse Show.

The Regiment exhibited a very snappy and well drilled Activity Ride, trained by Captain Berteau. Capts. Bates and Mann and Lieuts. Ardagh and Phillips rode in it. Corpl. J. P. Martin and Tpr. Gough played clown parts in it. The feature of the ride was quietness, speed of execution, extreme precision and absolute absence of fuss. It was very well received.

The following are the wins by the Regiment in the Show which took place on May 10th to 13th inclusive:

Lightweight Polo Ponies—

2nd "Bonnie Queen" Lieut. Phillips.

Polo Pony Bending Race—

2nd. "Bonnie Queen" Lieut. Phillips.

Polo Pony Hack—

2nd. "Bonnie Queen" Lieut. Phillips.

Lightweight Green Hunters—

3rd "Gold Leaf" Lt. Col. Timmis.

Heavyweight Green Hunters—

2nd "Kippendavie" Capt. Hammond.

Qualified Lightweight Hunters—

2nd "Bendore" Capt. Bate.

Hunt Teams—

4th Capt. Bate's Team: Lieut. Phillips "Mussolini"; Mrs. Hay, "Bendore"; Capt. Mann, "Mountain Top."

\$100.00 Touch and Out Stake—

First Preliminary—3rd "Bronze" Capt. Mann.

Second preliminary—3rd "Red Plume" Capt. Hammond.

Third preliminary, 1st "Spats" Capt. Bate.

3rd "Holiday" Lt. Col. Timmis.

Finals 2nd "Spats" Capt. Bate.

Knock Down and Out Stake—

2nd "Bronze" Capt. Mann.

Alfred Rogers Challenge Trophy—

2nd "Bendore" Capt. Bate.

Handy Performance Class—

1st "Bronze" Capt. Mann.

4th "Belfast Mary" Lt. Ardagh.

N.C.O.'s Jumping—

2nd "Boxer" Sergt. Green.

3rd "Paddy" Tpr. Ward.

Unicorn Hunt Teams (performance only)—

1st R.C.D. Team: Lt. Col. Timmis "Holiday"; Lieut. Ardagh, "Mike"; Lieut. Phillips "Mussolini."

Sporting Tandem Class—

3rd, Lt. Col. Timmis, "Judy" and "Star."

Stake Class—

1st "Gold Leaf" Lt. Col. Timmis.

R. Y. Eaton Challenge Trophy—(Qualified).

Hunters—1st "Mountain Top" Capt. Bate.

"Bucephalus" unfortunately injured himself in the first class of the show and was hors de combat for the show.

Indoor Polo.

R.C.D. 26—Eglington B. 19½

Giving a smashing display of hard riding and accurate shooting, the R.C.D. polo team broke into the win column when they met and defeated the Eglington B team by the above score, after spotting them 17 goals. Although it at first looked as if this handicap would be too great to overcome, the Drags started off as if they meant business, and forcing the Eglington team to play a defensive game, they gradually cut down the big lead, and in the final chukker went ahead to win by a comfortable margin.

As the score would indicate, the Drags dominated the play throughout the game, and the determined manner in which they set out to win this their final engagement had a great deal to do with the final result. The Drags showed a vast improvement over their previous appearance, all the players having their shooting caps on, and the ponies responded gamely to the heavy duties imposed upon them, Maple, one of the ponies, actually scoring a goal, when he nosed one in, that appeared to have been shot wide.

The R.C.D. team consisting of Captains C. C. Mann, and S. C. Bate and Lieut. H. A. Phillips, and A. P. Ardagh, played three chukkers each.

The score by chukkers:

1st—R.C.D. 5 — Eglington 19

2nd—R.C.D. 13—Eglington 19

3rd—R.C.D. 19—Eglington 19½

4th—R.C.D. 26—Eglington 19½

(Editor Note) For the information of readers who have pondered on how a half goal is scored, a penalty of half-a goal is imposed for certain infringements of the rules, making the teams' score a half goal less.

Toronto Notes.

The best wishes of the entire personal of H.Q. "A and B" Sqns. are extended to Mrs. George W. Smart, who before her marriage was Miss Joan Baty. Many of the old timers will remember her as a little girl, and all join in wishing her the best of everything.

We regret to have to report the loss to Toronto of Capt. C. C. Mann, being transferred to M.D. No. 3 Kingston. However since he is still very much in the Regiment, we look to seeing him at our annual Horse Shows, and we wish him the best of luck in his new station.

On Saturday afternoon, May 13, St. Johns Garrison Church with its decorations of spring flowers and palms against a back ground of colours of many regiments, saw an interesting Military wedding, when Joan Madeleine, daughter of Major and Mrs. Wm. Baty, became the bride of Captain George Wallace Smart, son of Col. and Mrs. Robert Smart, Rev. Capt. J. T. Robins, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon F. C. Ward-Whate.

The guard of honour included the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the brides father's regiment, and of the Royal Canadian Corps, of Signals, the grooms Corps.

A reception was held later at Major Baty's quarters in Stanley Barracks. Here again spring flowers and palms were used as decorations, the colours carrying out the colours of the two regiments, the scarlet, blue and gold of the Royal Dragoons, and the blue, and silver of the signallers.

Later the bride and groom left on a motor trip north and will take up residence at Camp Borden.

The regiment extends a cordial welcome to Lt. A. D. Mann, who

incidentally comes to us not as a stranger, as he has been attending a Long Course in Stanley Barracks.

Troopers S. L. Raven, and S. L. Payne were taken on the strength of "B" Sqn. this month, The Goat welcomes them as more new blood.

Tpr. Barker had a nasty accident when rehearsing for the Activity Ride, and spent several days in Hospital as a result. Fortunately his injuries were more painful than serious and he will be out by the time we go to press.

And congratulations to Sgt. Green and Tpr. Ward, who won places in the N.C.O.'s. and Troopers Jumping Class.

We extend hearty congratulations to our Officers for the splendid showing they made at the recent Eglington Horse Show.

Here and There.

Spring is here...the "Please" signs are all over the grass, and the last "snow" has been removed from the vicinity of stables, with a fork.....2nd Troop, The Maroons have bought a large supply of sporting kit....they should beat the R.C.R. single handed this year.....here's hoping..... Webb says "Watch the leafs," the old slogan.....we will, in case they drop out of the International League.....Spring Training will be over by the time you read this, and we will be enroute to dear Old Niagara.....loud cheers from Al. John, and McBride, also Mr. McGillicuddy.....saw a brave the other day pulling bristles out of a tooth brush, and when paraded up he claimed he was practicing for the Grass pulling activities at Camp.....Norm (Not Red) says that the Parade on Sunday April 15th, was not as per syllabus and he is not studying forced marches.....Al, (you know me) claims that he walked forty miles in six hours, with Doug....was you dere Sharlie.....we think he means that they walked twenty miles each.....heard about the N.C.O. who "Shunned" the Squadron on Pay Parade to signal the arrival of.....the Orderly Sergeant.....was his face red?...Tis said that the Orderly

Sergeant immediately said "Carry on please" and went over to the Officers' Mess for a quick one.....Group Insurance earned another boost when the question appears to be "Are there enough men to last?".....at the unofficial opening of the Ball season, 2nd Troop lost a close decision to a scrub team by the score of 31 to 9.....come on "Gabby" Parker.....we will repeat that score.....thirty-one to nine.... Thidnay blushed a delicate pink when he put a cent in the box in aid of the Humane Society..... oh well, he saves a sparrow from the crooked way....what about the Swansea Heights Massacre?...Fergy who was Stable Manager at the Hunt Club, due to his natty attire, voluntarily reverted (at his own request) after one public appearance....and was his attire natty???...snowy white breeches, leather leggings, in which one could see to have, pearl grey hunting jacket, with large four in hand cravat, and a small stye soft hat to match (the boots or the gloves).....In the above attire did duly appear at the Hunt Club, and was immediately mistaken for Eddie Tweedle, the Prince of Wales, and George W. Beardmore.....the next day however, he returned clothed as befits a Trooper, and all was well..... took the two marathon walkers to Niagara last week, and were shown all the historic spots, where a few short days ago history was made, especially the place near Burlington Beach.....we will be there soon, and perhaps perhaps they will then try and set a new walking record to Niagara Falls.....the Activity Ride was a huge success, and many people thought Gough was a "dummy".....were they right?...this months award for the most embarrassing moment goes to our ex-Librarian Psmith:—He was in a Lunch Counter with Harry, fresh from the Activity Ride, and Harry had a few small traces of paint on his face. The sweet young thing behind the counter remarked upon this, and Harry said that he still had some of his make up on; whereupon the S.Y.T. turned to Psmith and said "And have you still got your make-up on.".....was his face red?...that's all for this month... Tom Duff was not Queen of the May.....so long, I'll be seein' you.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.

Epilogue:—It was Sunday morning in Barracks, and as the time was 10.00 a.m. you can well imagine the lack of activities that were predominant. A few more ambitious of the braves were playing ball on the "diamond" while the big majority were doing the old horizontal exercise so popular with Military Men. Of a sudden, the whole scene changed, from one of quiet and peacefulness, to one of bustle, haste, and anxiety. Staggering through the Gates, from the Exhibition, there came two haggard figures; dirt and dust coated their faces and clothes, as to make them quite indistinguishable. With staggering steps, and faltering strides, they made their way across the lawn, one of them muttering through dust incrusts lips "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," while the other, in a hoarse whisper murmured "Sand, Sand, Oceans of the darned stuff." In less time than it takes a man to fall in for Pay Parade, a crowd had gathered around these nomads, and questions were hurled back and forth. "Whence come ye." "Who art thou?" but the two travel worn individuals seemed not to hear. Our special correspondent however was at hand, and he piloted the two strangers into a wash-room, where after liberal application of Sergeant Majors soap, and water, they proved to be non other than our old and "ever-in-the-public-eye" Al, and his Niagara compatriot Mr. McGillicuddy alias Doug. After having a thorough wash, and some rest, the story was wormed from their faltering lips, bit by bit, and word by word.

On Saturday, having nothing else to do and no money to do it with, these two intrepid athletes had discussed the advances of Dear old Niagara-on-the-Lake, where they both had friends? Learning that a young man in Barracks had a ship of the road, by name Komoka, they bargained with him for the use of same. The net result of the bargaining was that shortly Komoka the ship of the desert, pointed her snub nose in the direction of Niagara, coughed twice, and disappeared in a cloud of dust, steam, and abuse....The scene now shifts to a spot many miles

from Toronto, and almost as far from Niagara. Komoka had given up the Ghost, and refused to travel further, and after many "Ayes" and "Nayes", the intrepid band of explorers split up into two parties, and continued on foot. Of the two parties, we were only interested in the one. McBride and Matty, who comprised the other party walked on ahead, and by so doing, walked out of the story, since we are not concerned with their progress which was very orderly and quite in keeping with tradition. The other two, however, due no doubt to the unusual position in which they found themselves were loath to continue in the usual manner, and tried many short cuts, and other methods of shortening the journey. Since the bulk of their misfortune occurred on the return journey and we have insufficient space to deal with every detail, it will suffice to say that they arrived in Niagara in time to bring intense joy to their friends, and in time to depart at Midnight for Toronto again. On the return journey, they were less fortunate, motorists hurrying by the two haggard figures, and local police chiefs urging them on their way. It was during this memorable return trip that they astonished athletic circles by walking 40 miles in 6 hours, only to find that they were still many miles from the City. One kindly motorist did actually pick them up, but they soon found that they had not left the jinx behind, as this car also broke down, and once again they were forced to take to the road on foot. Mr. McGillicuddy, who was suffering from "Asphalt Fever" finally gave up and sat down, saying "Not another step, I am done." All, who was made of sterner stuff thereupon heaved Mr. McGillicuddy on to his shoulder, and proceeded. When he in turn became exhausted Mr. McGillicuddy reversed the position, carrying Al through sand and mesquite until he dropped from sheer

J. L. PINSONNEAULT,
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fatigue.

Many and varied were the misfortunes which beset these travellers whose dogged determination and stern fortitude was not to be denied. As they neared the Humber, Mr. McGillicuddy was showing the ravages of travel muttering to himself, and seeing mirages, etc. while Al. (you know me) also was not himself. At last, after almost ten hours of travel, and just as their stamina was about to give up, they entered the Barracks gates, home again, and as it turned out, none the less for their hazardous trip. The Komoka abandoned by her crew, was left high and dry near Stony Creek, and to this day stands there as a silent monument to her intrepid crew.

Interviewed after his arrival, and greatly refreshed by a dose of Smithys beans, Al was quoted as saying. "I never really gave up hope, my faith in my comrade was not misplaced, he stood by me through thick and thin. Of course I am glad to be back among friends, but at the same time, my thirst for travel is by

no means slaked." Mr. McGillicuddy, alias Doug. was more reticent when approached by our correspondent and asked for a statement. "Of course (Quote Mr. McGillicuddy) it must be clearly understood that the success of our venture was entirely dependent upon my knowledge of First Aid, Time and Time again I had to minister to my less hardy comrade, and several times, with his life hovering in the balance, I had to call upon all my medical skill to bring him around. Oh yes, we may try out for further laurels and the sand did get on my nerves. You know, we McGillicuddys come from pioneer stock, and hardiness runs in the blood." (unquote Mr. McGillicuddy.)

Toronto First Horse Show.

By Fred Williams.

DO YOU KNOW when the first horse show was held in Toronto The success of last week's Eglington pageant prompted a little 'digging' into the records to ascertain the fact; and the result was interesting.

In the Spring of April 1891, two then young men, Douglas Grand and Walter Harland Smith, called upon J. J. Kelso, then secretary of the Fresh Air Fund, and suggested the getting-up of a carnival for horse-lovers, the proceeds of which should go to the fund. They offered to supply the horses if Mr. Kelso would look after the advertising, the music and the hundred and one other details involved.

The offer was accepted; the plans were drawn up; the affair was well advertised; one day the old rink on Shaw Street was filled to capacity at two performances, matinee and evening, and over \$400 net was realized for the Fresh Air Fund, which in the following summer sent 7,000 children to the country as a direct result of that first horse show, which as the late H. J. P. Good once wrote was the forerunner of the shows afterwards held annually in the Armories by the Canadian National Horse Show Association.

That first horse show was quite a fashionable event. "Among those present" to quote from the "So-

ciety Page" of the Empire) were Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Major A. N. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. D. R. and Mrs. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beattie, Dr. I. H. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Cox, the Messrs. and the Misses Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. George Case, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, the Misses Lee, Mr. J. G. and Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leys, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Col. and Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar (Hamilton), Sir Casimir Gzowski, Col. Grasett, Maj. J. H. Mead, Captain Mutton, Lyndhurst Ogden, Barlow Cumberland, T. W. Jones, Captain J. B. Maclean, J. D. Montgomery, Walter Dickson, Melfort Boulton, Major Robert Myles, W. C. Bonnell, D. L. McCarthy, J. A. Forrell, Maj. Harrison, Lieut. Laurie, O. B. Shepard, R. K. Sproule, Walter Cassels, George A. Stimson, P. C. Goldingham, and Stair Dick Lauder.

Few, very few, of these are left with us to recall that initial horse show; but perhaps some of the children who were at that matinee (children did not go to night performances in those days) and have been blessed with children of their own, may have been at Eglington last week and told the youngsters of today of their delight at the first horse show in Toronto. Indeed, if I am not mistaken, among the participants in the tournament at Eglington were grandchildren of some of those cited above as "Among those present."

How many of those at that first show could have visualized the motor age of to-day or have dreamed that the carriage and the cab would alike have disappeared, and the horse become a curiosity used only for health exercise, or sport, or for a few delivery carts? Then, indeed, the horse was man's friend and often the pride of his eye!

Japanese Colonel: When asked why no medals of valour are given to Japanese Soldiers.

"Bravery is not exceptional virtue."

THE EQUITATION AT WEEDON.

A propos of a letter recently published in the Army and Navy Gazette from one who thought that Weedon was an extravagant luxury, we publish extracts from an article in the April issue of The Horse, London:—

One often hears that riding and horse-training are of decreasing importance in the sphere of soldiering. One hears too that soldiering is of decreasing importance in the sphere of civilization. Perhaps soldiering is destructive, whereas the training of men and horses is constructive, character forming. Those who have been to Weedon affirm that they learn more of life and human nature in a year at Weedon than in several years elsewhere. Why should this be so? Contact with horses? ..The grudging heads come from the mean-minded, the lack of determination from the "gutless." In the riding school, over fences, and in the hunting field, are always to be found problems for character to which a quick and ready solution must be sought. Of those who go to Weedon there are many who develop the power to create, and leave with firmer convictions and surer common-sense.

Weedon is a place of friendliness, liberty and work. There is less militarism than in other garrisons, but more contented faces, working with a purpose..... Simplicity is a hallmark of the work, for horses brook no contraption, fake, nor ornamentation.

Who Is It?

Has developed a handy shawl-strap affair to pick up Austin cars in traffic.

Is trying to cross the Dollar bill with a guinea pig.

Is working on a way to grow ukuleles into bass violins.

Suggests that accordion earn extra money by offering to fold road maps.

Has patented a phosphorous spray for flies so that they can be swatted in the dark.

Its just too bad.

Dickory, dickory, dock.

My clothes are all in hock.

It's not a bit funny

For cycles cost money.

So all I've got left is a sock.
(and I've lost that.)

If it's
Stationery
Get it at
H. BERNARD & FILS
52 Richelieu St. Johns Que.

Established in 1876 Tel 65
C. O. Gervais & Frere
Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries,
Hardware, Glass, Oils, Paints
and Cement.
Wholesale and Retail.

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You can depend on first class
Milk, Cream and Butter
All pasturized
The leading Dairy in the City

Sports.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns Que.

A general meeting of N.C.O's and men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, was held in saddle room of the stables on May 17th for the purpose of discussing general finances and other matters regarding sports for the summer and also for the election of officers for the various committee.

After a general discussion on these matters the following N.C.O's and men were elected:

Entertainment:

President S. M. Harding
Secretary L/Cpl. Munro
Members Sgt. Jewkes
Sgt. Hider
Corporal Wheeler.

Library and Billiards

President Capt. Woods
Secretary Tpr. R. E. Hardy
1st Troop Tpr. Cornwall
2nd Troop L/Cpl. Croft
3rd Troop Cpl. Russell

Basketball

President Lt. Buell, R.C.R.
1st Troop Tpr. Marshall
2nd Troop L/Cpl. Jewkes
3rd Troop L/Cpl. Munro

Football

President Cpl. Wheeler
1st Troop L/Cpl. Lawrence
2nd Troop Cpl. Quartley
3rd Troop Tpr. Sephton

Baseball

President L/Cpl. Jewkes
1st Troop Tpr. Wischoeld
2nd Troop Tpr. Lewis
3rd Troop Tpr. Carpenter

General Sports

President Sgt. Jewkes
Members Tpr. Ross
Tpr. Lewis
L/Cpl. Jewkes

There have been various changes at Cavalry Barracks during the last month, Trooper Fournier has taken over the duties of chief cook L/Cpl. Defosses, has returned to Regimental duty, Trooper "Smoke" Dawkes who has so ably served in the canteen for some time has also returned to Regimental duty. He is replaced by Trooper Benton, our former Librarian, Trooper Gell has taken over the Library from Trooper Benton and is keeping up the good work. They say "A change is as good as a rest," now is the chance to see if that saying is correct by interviewing these gentlemen on the subject.

All ranks at Cavalry Barracks St. Johns, regret the loss of one of our well known 'Barrack Dogs' usually known as "Laddie", Laddie, we fear wandered down town one night and for various reasons was found guilty of a serious breach of "Etiquette". For this he was sentenced to be shot "At Dawn" This sentence was carried out, in quick order, Laddie, was a good sort, as far as canines go, but inclined to be bitter and jealous as dogs are sometimes, this no doubt led to his quick demise.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, has taken on a very attractive appearance this month, that old saying "April Showers bring May flowers" may have some element of truth in it. We certainly got our share of April showers, as for the May flowers, well- up to now we have a nice crop of Dandelions coming on if they can be classed as May flowers, anyway, they certainly put the finishing touches to the looks of the place for this time of year. We hope to see the genuine May flowers later on in the month.

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your
drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

We regret the sudden departure of "Teddy" Barraclough Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, to Montreal, where he will be stationed. We'll miss you Teddy, but hope to see you on our trips to Montreal.

Sqn. Horses, Nos "A" 10, 11, and 42 along with the big lovely hunter "Kilkenny" have gone to the "Pen" St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, not for any crime they committed, but to end their days peacefully carrying on the duty of mounting guards—not of a military nature.

Baseball.

The 24th of May certainly look-gloomy for a start, in fact, at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, the general opinion was that "Old Man Sunshine" had let us down but the old boy must have his joke, by ten o'clock in the morning he was out bright and smiling, as much as to say "Look what I could do to you people, if I chose to be mean about it". Those men of the local motor cycle squad, on observing the change of weather, went into a huddle, got out their machines, looked at the gaz, looked into the purse, let the moths out for exercise, jumped on the "old reliable" (of which we have our doubts) stepped on the gas and were off.

As for the remainder of the squadron, while some pursued their own interests, the Majority went in for the old game of swinging the bat, and did they swing it, in the morning 2nd Troop said to third "Come on out and we'll trim the hide off you."

"Oh, Yea" said Third, "You may have the hide trimmed off you but in these days of depression, we are keeping ours."

What a game, the weather was clear, track fast, despite the lack of practice and experience the game was well played ending with a score 27-7 in favour of third troop.

In the afternoon first troop exchanged swaps with the R.C.R.'s. The "Gravel Crushers" turned out with murder in their eyes, (we mean battle) (at least we hope it was). This made things look rather slim for First Troop, especially as they had two good men off the team, as the old saying is "You can fool some people at base-

ball some of the time, and fool others at baseball most of the time, But, you can't fool First Troop at baseball all the time," believe it or not, (ask Ripley.).

This was another hot game, the First Troop was a little slow at picking up the game, at first, and it took some time to catch the drift of things, but nevertheless they worked up a score that wasn't very far below that of the R.C.R.'s. One amusing incident occurred when Lt. Pope, of the R.C.R. on getting up to bat sent the ball high, but the bat, it just skimmed the heads of the lads in the "Reserved Seats" making them all duck in turn as the bat sailed over their respective heads. When the word came to "DUCK" they DUCKED" and we don't mean maybe. One player of limited experience on making a home run, became so confused at the generous suggestions and advice of other players and the lads in the "Reserved seats" that if he had been told to "Go take a jump in the Richelieu River," ten chances to one he would have done it, he finally got home after cutting a few figure of eights making one or two half circles, and generally running around like a "rat on finding itself in a cat-shop" anyway the game came to a finish with a score of 12 to 16 in favour of our neighbors the R.C.R. One of the members of the motor cycle squad arrived at six o'clock pushing a reluctant motor byke which he had been doing for the last three miles. He is willing to tell us at a later date how he spent the 24th of May.

Well, the Troop games have started, the first baseball game of the season was played at Cav. Barracks, St. Johns on May 16th, between 3rd Troop and 2nd Troop. Talk about action. If all the games are played up to this standard, there will be some good baseball this summer. A good crowd turned out to see their own respective teams. Third won with a score of 13 to 8. Tough luck 2nd Troop. You have the goods, just wait.

1st Troop vs. 3rd Troop

"Well," here we are at it again, slinging the old bat in a tussel with 3rd troop, 1st troop in position.

Third Troop have a good team, there is no mistake about that, and so have first Troop, there is no mistake about that either. A

For forty years the Park has lived up to its designation as a pleasure ground, and thousands have fished its lakes, followed its canoe trails, camped, bathed and rested within its borders. Each year that passes adds to its attractiveness, and Algonquin Park may well look forward with assurance to its future, giving health pleasure to all who enter its portals in search of Nature's gifts.

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The motorist entering British Columbia by way of Banff, Lake Louise and the Kicking Horse Trail reaches Golden to find his way apparently barred by a section of as yet uncompleted highway between that point and Revelstoke. The gap, however, has been bridged by the railway, and automobile baggage cars are its answer to a direct route to or from the Pacific through the Canadian Rockies. During the period from June 15th automobiles will be carried over the Selkirk range between these points semi-weekly in each direction.

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A wait at either Golden or Revelstoke need not be looked upon as an unfortunate delay as at both places there are a number of interesting things to see and to do. At Golden there is the inducement to spend the extra hours exploring the delights of Yoho National park. Mount Revelstoke, rising behind the city of Revelstoke, gives its name to a national park containing one hundred square miles of magnificent scenery. A road of easy gradients winds upward through the Park for twenty-one miles to an elevation of 6,500 feet,

from which an imposing panorama is obtained.

Isle Madame—Cape Breton, Nova Scotia

After leaving Port Hawkesbury the motor road to Sydney winds through a beautiful country for twenty miles to Grande Anse. Here a sign points to the right where roads leads fourteen miles to Isle Madame. Lovely lakes are passed, bridges are crossed, and suddenly the town of Arichat appears, quaint, picturesque and peaceful. A beautiful church spire dominates the scene as it so often does in many other towns in this country. On through the town the road leads down and up steep hills, past cattle grazing on the side hills, of resting in the sunlight upon the high, rocky and foliage covered hills. Below are scattered the nets and fish traps drying in the open. The homes and the stores are interesting for they form a background for the life of the simple fisher folk who inhabit the town.

The road leads to West Arichat, and also along the beach in the other direction. The people are hospitable, mostly French. Fish dry in the sun. There are women at the tubs, and before the stove. Clothes hang upon the lines in rocky yards. About the bridge and fishing boats, flocks of beautiful sea gulls gather. There are old wagons, with oxen yoked to them wending their way in service. At the blacksmith shop with its old anvil and forge, one may see a barefoot boy watching the strong arm of the blacksmith pulling away at the bellows or hammering sparks from a newly curved horse-shoe. It is an entrancingly interesting place.

The language of the Bourbons of Monarchical France is still the language here—"the purest Parisian French." There are trout waters on the island, Grand lake, Shaw's lake and others. No one should leave Nova Scotia or Cape Breton without spending a day or two on Isle Madame where boats rock at the water's edge and sails glisten in the sun.

Mosquitos, Black Flies and Things Like That

Many persons go to the Canadian woods on business, a greater number go for pleasure, and mosquitos and other pests "go" for all of them. It is unfortunately true

that during the spring and summer months insect pests are usually present in nearly all sections of the forest, and no one is immune from their attacks. A strict adherence to certain simple precautionary measures, however, will do much to mitigate the discomfort caused by these pests, and make it possible for anyone to visit the woods during the summer months.

The mosquitos and such pests are give and take fighters, taking the victims' blood and leaving in the wound an irritating poison. The character of the spring season and latitude regulate the period of greatest abundance. As a general rule they cause discomfort soon after the first of June, and their numbers increase rapidly until the end of the month. Subsequent to July 15th they are less abundant and after August 1st they will not cause much trouble. Mosquitos are active both day and night, but are most persistent and vicious in their attacks between daylight and nine o'clock in the morning, and between five and ten o'clock in the evening.

Black flies are usually abundant several days earlier than the mosquitos, reach their maximum about July 1st, and practically disappear in some sections about August 15th, but in others are numerous until October. Black flies are strictly diurnal and do not attack between dusk and daylight.

Midges and punkies are numerous at approximately the same time as mosquitos, but are more spasmodic in occurrence and abundance. They attack at all times of the day and night but are usually worst between daylight and sunrise. They are frequently numerous in grassy areas.

Black flies breed in running water but mosquitos breed in still water and are usually abundant in the vicinity of swamps, meadows, and undrained areas. In high hardwoods and pine lands they are less numerous.

Deer-flies and horse-flies are most abundant on hot days in June, July and August, but are not sufficiently numerous to become a source of serious discomfort. Their bites are painful but they are most annoying when they persistently circle rapidly about one's head, and cause no trouble between sunset and sunrise.

The one really effective means

of protection is a fly-proof tent, which ensures a good night's sleep after a hard day of paddling and portaging. The tent should have a sod cloth, ground cloth and a cheesecloth door. With the sod cloth well tucked under the ground cloth and a holeless netting on the door the bloodthirsty soloists, quartettes and choruses can sing without and do no harm. Make camp early as it is a difficult task after dark, and if mosquitos are present a most unpleasant one. Avoid swampy places, marshes and stagnant water when selecting a camp site. Do not camp in dense woods or in heavy underbrush but rather in the open as wind aids in keeping the insects at a distance. An open point or an island a mile from shore is usually free from troublesome insects.

Smudges when properly made are of great assistance but are hard on the eyes. Carefully clear the ground before starting a smudge, use lots of dry wood and let it burn briskly before adding green fern, moss or damp debris from the woods. As with campfires care must be taken to extinguish smudges when leaving camp.

There are a number of protective "dopes" and mixtures on the market, and there are homemade ones which are equally effective. These have their use during the day but in all fairness to one's skin should be washed off at night and the shelter of the fly-proof tent sought.

Bites are painful and relief is obtained by applying household ammonia, glycerin, alcohol, tincture of iodine or ordinary toilet soap.

The period of infestation by insect pests is comparatively short and no one need be deterred from making a trip to enjoy the outdoor life of Canada on their account. The pleasures of Canada's fields, lakes and streams far outweigh the discomfort of insect attacks, and the chances are that the locality selected for one's holiday will prove to be almost free of winged pests.

Father "And there son, I have told you the story of your Daddy and the Great war."

Son: "Yes Daddy, but what did they need all the other soldiers for?"

Letters to the Editor.

Brantford, Ontario.

To Capt. Wood.

Dear Sir:

Am enclosing cheque, same being subscription for the "Goat" Late again, but as I said last year, it is fashionable.

I was in Toronto for the reunion, also the week before to, the G.G.B.Y. Sgts, Mess annual dinner, needless to say I had a wonderful time at both events. It is certainly great to meet so many old faces, to shake the old mit and shoot about old times.

I get embarrassed at times, if that is possible, you might think at not being able to remember the names of every one. But perhaps it is because one has come in contact with so many fellows in the course of a lifetime, I hope some of the fellows I met and who read this will take it as my apology.

The C.O. Officers, and all ranks gave us visitors a wonderful welcome, for which I personally thank them very much.

I missed the meeting of out of town Officers and Ex-Officers this year, perhaps it was because their annual dinner wasn't held the night before the reunion as has been the case in some previous years.

Our regiment, the 10th Brant Dragoons, is going into camp at the local Airport from the 3rd to the 11th of June inclusive, at no expense to the public, it is a rather hard proposition to find the finances, but we manage to get there.

Kind regards to Lt.-Col. Caldwell, Officers, and other ranks who remember me.

Best wishes for the continued success of "The Goat".

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Charley Smith.

P.S. We are putting on a Mounted Escort for the Gov. General in Brantford on the 26th of May. R.C.D. experience tells.

1338 Hall Ave.
Lakewood, Ohio,
U.S.A.

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D.
Editor "The Goat."

Dear Sir:

First I wish to say how pleased

I am with my copy of the short Regimental History, my humble tributes of praise are unnecessary but I am sure that all ex-serving members of the Regiment in particular must feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to each and every one responsible for its production, above all that each copy will stand as a lasting and individual memorial to our late Regimental Officer, comrade and friend, Major T. A. James, R.C.D.

I, am of course, always pleased with my copy of the "Goat" which I look for every month. The April Number brought shame to me in the realization that I missed all connection with the Old Comrades Reunion celebrations, as heretofore attendance would have been impossible, but this is the first time that I have missed sending a message since first connecting with the "Goat." The serious and painful illness since Christmas of my mother, in Simco, Ont., with the dreaded climax, last month, of her last conscious hours on this earth took my mind off all else, and was the cause of my taking leave of absence twice for the past six weeks.

I have no wish to air my family griefs in the pages of our magazine but I do want my old comrades to know the reason for my seeming forgetfulness.

It is a splendid idea to publish the list of names of all those attending the Old Comrades Reunion. So many of those names I know so well and just cannot recall some of the faces, on the other hand it has been my experience that when one is confronted with faces it is very often the names that cannot be recalled.

We are getting along towards National Memorial Day May 30th, and our branch of our Canadian Legion here is busy with preparation, about fifty British ex-service men are buried in greater Cleavelands scattered cemeteries many of whom have no kin on this side of the Atlantic or Canadian Frontier, and it is our annual task to remind our sight-seeing public that these men were British Army and Navy men with our simple decorations.

Last fall a Great Lakes Chapter of Canadian Legion was formed, and on June 3rd, His Majesty's Birthday we are holding the regular chapter in Cleveland. There will be delegations from Detroit, Pontiac, Saginaw, Ack-

ron and Steubenville, Ohio.

I mention all this as I believe it is interesting to know how the British ex-Service men are getting together for mutual help and welfare under the Stars and Stripes. It is less than three years since were granted our Charter for Cleveland, Ohio, which made us U.S.A. No. 21. This year when Saginaw, Mich., was granted its Charter they became U.S.A. 41.

Coming back to the "Goat" I feel very grateful to Comrade Masey for his Article on Medals recently,

At a social meeting lately where my branch of Canadian Legion were guests at a local post of American Legion, I was called upon beforehand to enlighten our hosts as to the significance of certain British decorations, I knew some, but did not know it all, and thanks to Comrade Masey I made my explanation complete.

Well, I suppose it will not be long before it will be "Boot and Saddle" marching order (with all the few things a man and his horse has to carry) bell tents, and horse lines, sun tan and all that goes with the healthy outdoors, not forgetting all the hard work and stable picquets, etc.

I'll be getting homesick for the troop again if I don't sign off, so with best wishes as usual to all R.C.D.'s, past and present.

Yours sincerely,

E. George Green.

504 Atlantic City
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir and Comrades,

Enclosed please find renewal subscription for the "Goat" I am sorry I was not able to be present at the annual re-union of old comrades at Stanley Barracks this year, I attended the annual smoker of the L.S.H. at Fort Osborn Barracks on the 30th of March at which the following ex R.C.D.'s were present. B. Ackerstream, J. Craddock, F. Doyle, J. Chambers, J. Hind, J. Nelson and A. C. Smith.

With best wishes,

Yours truly

F. Doyle.

Guard Commander: "If anything moves, shoot.

Sentry: "Yes Sir, and if anything shoots, I move."

A Military Miscellany

By R. Maurice Hill

THE DRAGOON GUARDS

With the departure of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards from Hounslow to Egypt during the current trooping season, the present rather unusual position of all the regiments of Dragoons Guards being on home service will come to an end. Before the days of the "Geddes Axe" and other post-war economy schemes, there were seven regiments of Dragoons Guards, numbered consecutively. Now there are five only; these are, the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), The Carabiniers (3rd Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards) the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The two senior regiments have been affected but little by the changes in cavalry nomenclature, but each of the other three units has been formed by the amalgamation of two regiments. Thus, the 3rd (Prince of Wales') Dragoon Guards and the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers) were amalgamated; so also were the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards and the 7th Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards; while the regiment now known as the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards was formed by uniting the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales') Dragoon Guards with the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.

All the Dragoon Guards regiments date from the period 1685-1690, and were originally known as Regiments of Horse. To distinguish one from another, they were commonly spoken of by the colour of their facings; for example, "The Black Horse" (7th Dragoon Guards) or "The Green Horse" (5th Dragoon Guards.) They were re-christened as Dragoon Guards in 1788.

Up to about a century ago they were on a somewhat similar footing to the Household Cavalry. They went overseas to fight, but rarely (if ever) for garrison duty abroad.

All the Dragoon Guards regiments originally wore steel cuirasses. About the time of the Battle of Waterloo, they wore handsome fur-crested helmets of

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Smudges when properly made are of great assistance but are hard on the eyes. Carefully clear the ground before starting a smudge, use lots of dry wood and let it burn briskly before adding green fern, moss or damp debris from the woods. As with campfires care must be taken to extinguish smudges when leaving camp.

There are a number of protective "dopes" and mixtures on the market, and there are homemade ones which are equally effective. These have their use during the day but in all fairness to one's skin should be washed off at night and the shelter of the fly-proof tent sought.

Bites are painful and relief is obtained by applying household ammonia, glycerin, alcohol, tincture of iodine or ordinary toilet soap.

The period of infestation by insect pests is comparatively short and no one need be deterred from making a trip to enjoy the outdoor life of Canada on their account. The pleasures of Canada's fields, lakes and streams far outweigh the discomfort of insect attacks, and the chances are that the locality selected for one's holiday will prove to be almost free of winged pests.

Father "And there son. I have told you the story of your Daddy and the Great war."

Son: "Yes Daddy, but what did they need all the other soldiers for?"

Letters to the Editor.

Brantford, Ontario.

To Capt. Wood.

Dear Sir:

Am enclosing cheque, same being subscription for the "Goat" Late again, but as I said last year, it is fashionable.

I was in Toronto for the reunion, also the week before to, the G.G.B.Y. Sgts. Mess annual dinner, needless to say I had a wonderful time at both events. It is certainly great to meet so many old faces, to shake the old mit and shoot about old times.

I get embarrassed at times, if that is possible, you might think at not being able to remember the names of every one. But perhaps it is because one has come in contact with so many fellows in the course of a lifetime, I hope some of the fellows I met and who read this will take it as my apology.

The C.O. Officers and all ranks gave us visitors a wonderful welcome, for which I personally thank them very much.

I missed the meeting of out of town Officers and Ex-Officers this year, perhaps it was because their annual dinner wasn't held the night before the reunion as has been the case in some previous years.

Our regiment, the 10th Brant Dragoons, is going into camp at the local Airport from the 3rd to the 11th of June inclusive, at no expense to the public, it is a rather hard proposition to find the finances, but we manage to get there.

Kind regards to Lt.-Col. Caldwell, Officers, and other ranks who remember me.

Best wishes for the continued success of "The Goat".

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
Charley Smith.

P.S. We are putting on a Mounted Escort for the Gov. General in Brantford on the 26th of May. R.C.D. experience tells.

1338 Hall Ave.
Lakewood, Ohio,
U.S.A.

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D.
Editor "The Goat."

Dear Sir:

First I wish to say how pleased

I am with my copy of the short Regimental History, my humble tributes of praise are unnecessary but I am sure that all ex-serving members of the Regiment in particular must feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to each and every one responsible for its production, above all that each copy will stand as a lasting and individual memorial to our late Regimental Officer, comrade and friend, Major T. A. James, R.C.D.

I, am of course, always pleased with my copy of the "Goat" which I look for every month. The April Number brought shame to me in the realization that I missed all connection with the Old Comrades Reunion celebrations, as heretofore attendance would have been impossible, but this is the first time that I have missed sending a message since first connecting with the "Goat." The serious and painful illness since Christmas of my mother, in Simco, Ont., with the dreaded climax, last month, of her last conscious hours on this earth took my mind off all else, and was the cause of my taking leave of absence twice for the past six weeks.

I have no wish to air my family griefs in the pages of our magazine but I do want my old comrades to know the reason for my seeming forgetfulness.

It is a splendid idea to publish the list of names of all those attending the Old Comrades Reunion. So many of those names I know so well and just cannot recall some of the faces, on the other hand it has been my experience that when one is confronted with faces it is very often the names that cannot be recalled.

We are getting along towards National Memorial Day May 30th, and our branch of our Canadian Legion here is busy with preparation, about fifty British ex-service men are buried in greater Cleveland's scattered cemeteries many of whom have no kin on this side of the Atlantic or Canadian Frontier, and it is our annual task to remind our sight-seeing public that these men were British Army and Navy men with our simple decorations.

Last fall a Great Lakes Chapter of Canadian Legion was formed, and on June 3rd, His Majesty's Birthday we are holding the regular chapter in Cleveland. There will be delegations from Detroit, Pontiac, Saginaw, Ack-

ron and Steubenville, Ohio.

I mention all this as I believe it is interesting to know how the British ex-Service men are getting together for mutual help and welfare under the Stars and Stripes. It is less than three years since were granted our Charter for Cleveland, Ohio, which made us U.S.A. No. 21. This year when Saginaw, Mich., was granted its Charter they became U.S.A. 41.

Coming back to the "Goat" I feel very grateful to Comrade Masey for his Article on Medals recently,

At a social meeting lately where my branch of Canadian Legion were guests at a local post of American Legion, I was called upon beforehand to enlighten our hosts as to the significance of certain British decorations, I knew some, but did not know it all, and thanks to Comrade Masey I made my explanation complete.

Well, I suppose it will not be long before it will be "Boot and Saddle" marching order (with all the few things a man and his horse has to carry) bell tents, and horse lines, sun tan and all that goes with the healthy outdoors, not forgetting all the hard work and stable picquets, etc.

I'll be getting homesick for the troop again if I don't sign off, so with best wishes as usual to all R.C.D.'s. past and present.

Yours sincerely,
E. George Green.

504 Atlantic City
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir and Comrades,

Enclosed please find renewal subscription for the "Goat" I am sorry I was not able to be present at the annual re-union of old comrades at Stanley Barracks this year, I attended the annual smoker of the L.S.H. at Fort Osborn Barracks on the 30th of March at which the following ex R.C.D.'s were present. B. Ackerstream, J. Craddock, F. Doyle, J. Chambers, J. Hind, J. Nelson and A. C. Smith.

With best wishes,
Yours truly
F. Doyle.

Guard Commander: "If anything moves, shoot."

Sentry: "Yes Sir, and if anything shoots, I move."

A Military Miscellany

By R. Maurice Hill

THE DRAGOON GUARDS

With the departure of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards from Hounslow to Egypt during the current trooping season, the present rather unusual position of all the regiments of Dragoons Guards being on home service will come to an end. Before the days of the "Geddes Axe" and other post-war economy schemes, there were seven regiments of Dragoons Guards, numbered consecutively. Now there are five only; these are, the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, The Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), The Carabiniers (3rd Prince of Wales' Dragoon Guards) the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. The two senior regiments have been affected but little by the changes in cavalry nomenclature, but each of the other three units has been formed by the amalgamation of two regiments. Thus, the 3rd (Prince of Wales') Dragoon Guards and the 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers) were amalgamated; so also were the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards and the 7th Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards; while the regiment now known as the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards was formed by uniting the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales') Dragoon Guards with the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons.

All the Dragoon Guards regiments date from the period 1685-1690, and were originally known as Regiments of Horse. To distinguish one from another, they were commonly spoken of by the colour of their facings; for example, "The Black Horse" (7th Dragoon Guards) or "The Green Horse" (5th Dragoon Guards.) They were re-christened as Dragoon Guards in 1788.

Up to about a century ago they were on a somewhat similar footing to the Household Cavalry. They went overseas to fight, but rarely (if ever) for garrison duty abroad.

All the Dragoon Guards regiments originally wore steel cuirasses. About the time of the Battle of Waterloo, they wore handsome fur-crested helmets of

Oldest Regiment.

Inspected by His Majesty at
Aldershot

The King inspected the oldest regiment of his army, the Royal Scots, at Aldershot, recently, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the regiment, which was raised by King Charles the First in 1633. Driving from Windsor, the King was accompanied by the Queen, the Princess Royal (who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots), Lord Harewood, and the Princess Royal's two sons (Viscount Lascelles and Master Gerald Lascelles).

As he walked on to the parade ground at Talavern Barracks where the 1st Battalion of the Royal Scots (350 strong) was drawn up in two ranks, the Regimental Colour and the King's Colour were lowered in salute, and the Royal Standard fluttered from the flag-staff. The King led the Queen to a Dais and then walked out with the Princess Royal, who was in blue, to inspect the men.

Accompanied by Lieut.-General Edward A. Aitham, Colonel of the regiment, Lieut. Col. Nigel Fergus, Commanding First Battalion, and General Sir Charles Harington, G. O.C. Aldershot Command, the King and the Princess Royal walked slowly past the ranks.

Then the King stood at the salute with the battalion marched by in slow time as the regimental band played two Hebridean airs, "Sky Boat Song" and "Cradle Song". The battalion next advanced in review order to the old tune, "Scotland the Brave."

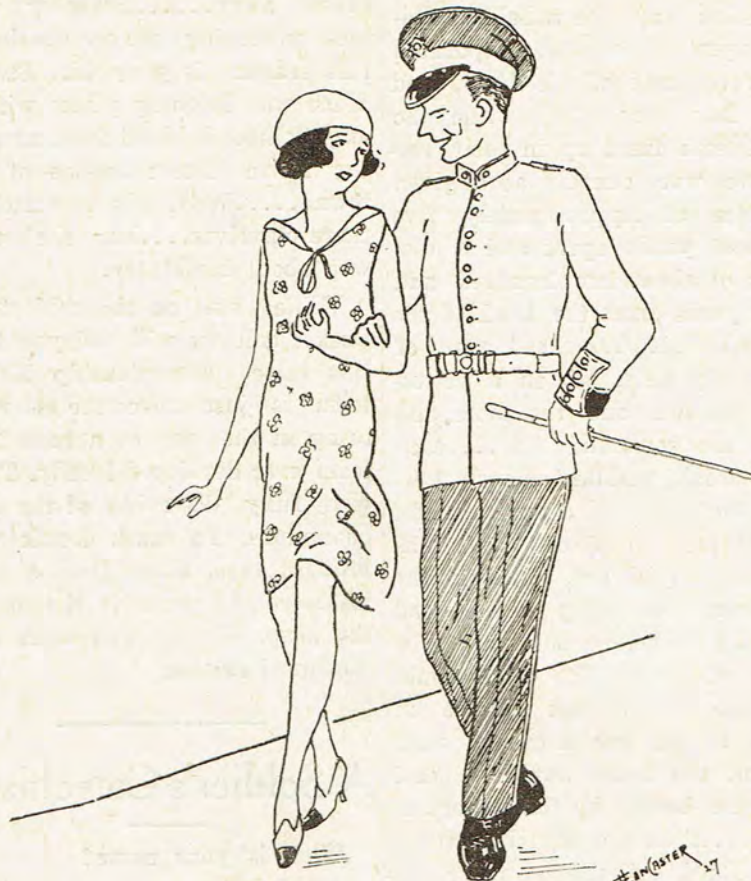
The King advanced to them, and with his two little grandsons standing by his side decorated Regimental Sergeant-Major Lally, Company Sergeant-Major M'Kie and Sergeant Coat with the Long Service Medal.

The King's Speech

Speaking in firm tones that rang across the parade ground, the King then addressed his troops. He said.

"I am happy to be with my First Regiment of Foot on so memorable an occasion, and to express my appreciation of the steadiness and soldierly bearing of all ranks in this your first battalion. My thoughts are with all past and present Royal Scots the world over upon this moving anniversary in

THINGS WE ARE ASKED !



She: "Are you on the old rates of pay, George dear?"

the long life of the regiment. After three centuries its record is written large in the story of our country. As your King I thank you for services so lengthy, so illustrious, and so devoted. Queen Victoria took pride that she was born in the regiment of which her father was colonel. I understand her pride. It warms my heart to see the Duke of Kent's own regiment passing its three hundredth milestone with my dear daughter at its head. I, too, desire to identify myself with my oldest regiment. It gives me pleasure to confer upon your pipers the right to wear my personal Tartan, the Royal Stuart."

Following this General Sir Edward Altham called for three cheers for the King, which were lustily given.

The Princess Royal, in reply to the King's speech, said—"On behalf of your Majesty's oldest regiment I want to thank you for the signal honour which you have been

graciously pleased to confer in granting to our pipers the right to wear the Royal Stuart tartan.

"We Royal Scots are deeply grateful for your Majesty's presence among us to-day and will ever retain a loyal memory of this crowning event in our tercentenary celebration."

Later the Royal party were present at a magnificent display of trick riding my men of the 5th Inniskilling Dragoons who will appear at the Royal Ulster Show at Balmoral in May.

Who Was It?

Mailed six letters in an austin car parked near the Curb?

Phoned for a tree doctor when his wife complained of a splitting headache.

Cut a hole in his umbrella so that he could see when it had stopped raining?

Ran out of gas and forget he was with his wife.

Two sergeants were discussing the batch of new recruits.

"I bet you anything," said one, "that that tall fellow Williams was only a clerk before he joined in spite of all his swank."

"What makes you think that?" asked the other.

"Well, every time I say 'Stand at ease!' he tries to put his rifle behind his ear!"

WONDER

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Army Nicknames.

By T. D. Masey

A list of some of the additions given to surnames, by the Army and Navy for centuries: Aggie Western, Betsy Gay, Blanco White, Bodger Lees, Bogey Harris, Brigham Young, Buck Taylor, Busky Smith, Chats Harris, Charley Peace, Daisy Dean, Darky Smith, Dinghy Reed, Dodger Green, Dolly Grey, Doughy Baker, Dusty Jordan, Edna May, Fanny Adams, (Naval names for canned meat, the victim of an early trunk murder) Flapper Hughes, Ginger Jones, Granny Henderson, Gunboat Smith, Hookey Walker, Jigger Lees, Jimmy Green, Johnny Walker, Jumper Collins, Kitty Wells, Knocker White, Lackery Wood (Lachery is Hindustani, Lakri wood.) Lottie Collins, Mouchy Reeves, Nobby Clark, Nutty Cox, Peggy May, Nooky Knight, Pincher Martin, Pony Moore, Ratler Morgan, Sheeny Bryant, Shiner Bright, Shoer Smith, Shorty Wright, Slinger Wood, Smoky Holmes, Smudger Smith, Snip Parsons (Taylor) piky Sullivan, Spooky Wheeler, Spud Murphy, Taffy Jones, Timber Wood, Tom King, Topper Brown, Tottie Bell, Tug Wilson, Wheeler Johnson, Wiggy Bennett.

Basketball Notes.

By Al. Taylor

(The News)

Hello everybody.....Yes this is Al Taylor back again....But don't hang the blame on me,.... was told that you liked this stuff we turn out.....So after all its yourselves that are to blame..... It seem that ever since Columbus (not Ohio) brought his Portugese team over for the world series against the Indians in 1492 Basket ball has flourished in this valley of the Richelieu....Of course basketball in those days was something again.....and the rules have been amended from time to time, until today a game of practically no physical contact is played with teams of five men (or gals) per team. In the old days the Indians played the game of 'skit' ball.....The games were played on land or in long birch canoes, just south of St. Johns on Lake

Champlain. If the games were held on the lake the game was called aquaskit, some three or four hundred warriors took part in these games that some times lasted for weeks. The idea of the game in those days was as follows....

The head of the tribal prohibition agent was carefully separated from the rest of his body, and cast into the water, while the rival team lined up in their respective war canoes. at a given distance of Approximately five hundred yards apart and a distance of about two hundred and fifty yards from the head of the belated P.A. The head man of Heap big chief sat in a prominent position and the shore and gave the command Skit....each team would paddle furiously towards the head, and a terrific fight would rage until one team was entirely wiped out, leaving the survivors to bring in the head and lay it before the Chief as a token of victory. The Chief would delegate the neatest subdeb in camp to get her mummys wash basket, the head would be cast into the basket by the victorious chief....And the Big shot would then Bawl out the boys for not making it snappy, as he had caught brights decease from sitting in a motionless position for two weeksSo believe it or not that is how the name Basket bawl originated.....

As we had definite instructions to be brief.....and to mention the fact that some of you boys try to play this game of basketball we feel that a description of the game played on land by our ancestors.....will be unnecessaryas you already have a good working knowledge of how the game originated.....we will leave you with it.....to jump to the more modern version.

The blue clad dragoon team suffered somewhat in its social standing drifting down from its lofty perch of cup holders to just another ball team.....The barber pole colors of the smart clicking R.C.R. outfit upheld the traditions of the army however in easily taking down honors from the rest of the opposition. Losing but one game thru out the entire schedule, and that by a solitary point in the last seconds of play. The drags seemed to be suffering from C. Beeness or some such ailment as Cap. Red Munro would trot out with four or five other boys

.....and play the entire 40 minutes without relief.....which in these days of good beer is something to write home about. Such good players as Garbo Carpenter, Marshall, Jewkes and others not turning out, didn't help the Blue cause away.....Probably the most promising player developed this season is your Mr. Stuffy Hone who is going places with a mighty smooth blond from around the Notre Dame section of the town.....We'd like to chisel in there ourselves....but she's that way about her stuffy.

While still on the subject of Basket ball we will tell you that this same championship R.C.R. team is just about the smartest thing in the way of a basketball team ever developed locally. They were fully deserving of the title champions. To coach Lewis who brought them along from a very mediocre ball team to the top of the heap. We say nice work and continued success.

A Soldier's Catechism.

What is your name?

A Soldier.

Who gave you that name?

The recruiting Sergeant, when I received the Kings shilling, whereby I was made a recruit of Bayonets, Bullets, and Death.

What did the Recruiting Sergeant promise then for you?

He did vow and promise three things:

First, that I should renounce all ideas of Liberty and all such nonsense.

Secondly that I should be well harrassed with drill.

Thirdly, that I should stand up and be shot at whenever called upon to do so. And I heartily hope that our Colonel will never call me so perilous a condition.

Rehearse the articles of thy Beliefs.....

I believe in the Colonel most Almighty, maker of Sergeants and Corporals, and in His Deputy, the Major, who is an Officer by Commandment and Commission, who rose in turn of promotion, suffered the hardships of Field Service, marching and fighting.

He descended into Trials, after the War he rose again, He ascended into ease, and sits on the right hand of the Colonel, from thence he'll come to superintend

the Good from the bad.

I believe in the Adjutant, the punishment of the Guard Room.

How many Commandments are there.

Ten.

What are they?

The same which the Colonel spake in standing orders. Saying I am the Colonel and Commanding Officer, who commands thee in the Field and in Quarters.

1—Thou shalt have no other Colonel but me.

2—Thou shalt not make to thyself any Corporal or Sergeants that is in any European Regiment above or in any Sepoy Regiment below neither shalt thou salute them for I thy Colonel am a jealous Colonel and visit the iniquities of my men unto the third and fourth with stripes, and promoted those who obey me and keep my Standing Orders.

3—Thou shalt not take the name of thy Colonel in vain for I will not call him a good man who shall do so.

4—Remember that thou shalt attend Church Parade, six days thou shalt have drill and field days, but on the Seventh day thou shalt have no drill, thou or thy firelock nor thy pouch, not any pouch belt nor ammunition, nor any of thy appointments for sufficient for these things, and I like to rest on that day, wherefor, I order church parade and attend it.

5—Honour thy Colonel and thy Mapor, that thy comforts may belong to the Regiment you belong to.

6—Thou shalt not get drunk on duty.

7—Thou shalt not be absent from drill.

8—Thou shalt not sell thy kit.

9—Thou shalt not come on parade dirty.

10—Thou shalt not covet thy Pay-Sergeants coat, nor his place nor his pay, nor his sword, nor his perquisites, nor his wife, authority, or anything that is his.

What do you learn chiefly by these commandments?

I learn two things, my duty towards my Colonel, and my duty towards my Pay-Sergeants.

What is your duty towards your Colonel?

My duty towards my Colonel is

to obey all his orders and all that are put in Authority under him with all my heart, to appear before him, and as a soldier all the days of my life. To salute him and to submit to him all respects whatever. To put my whole trust in him and to give him thanks, when he promotes me to honour him and his commission, and to serve him as a soldier.

By kind permission of the Editor of the X Royal Hussars Journal.

Sergeant: (To sergeant-Maj.) What will you do when you leave the Army?"

Sergeant-Major: "Enter the Real Estate business."

Sergeant: "Think you'll make it go."

Sergeant-Major "Sure, I'll make a pile on some of these vacant lots that I've had on parade, for a start.

A horse may carry all before him in a jumping class including the gate, and a few dozen bricks and still not win a prize.

A certain young Lieutenant, while proceeding overseas, was approached by the Purser about his State-room.

"I have put you in with another Army Officer, sir.

I have not seen the Gentleman myself, but it is the best we can do under the circumstances, Sir, you two will have something in common any way."

The young lieut. agreed and proceeded to his state-room, very shortly he was back, and approached the Purser in a very flustered state of mind, "Look here, that Army Officer is impossible, I won't stay in there, not for a minute,

"Why Sir, explained the surprised Purser, what is the matter surely it is not as bad as all that?"

"I'll tell you what is the matter," cried the irate Lieut.."

"That Army Officers name is Henrietta" and she's in the Salvation Army."

Sergeant Tact: "Do you take anything off for cash?

Saleslady: "Sir,"!!!!

He was a Western recruit, willing, and anxious to make a good showing. Of military matters he was, admittedly ignorant, but he relied on his knowledge of horses and his experience gained on the ranch to offset his inability to tell his right hand from his left, or the proper position in which to carry his "gun." Sensitive to a degree he keenly felt the scathing remarks of his troop sergeant, when he innocently referred to the stables as "the barn" and the look bestowed upon him when he asked for soft soap with which to clean the "harness," was as salt rubbed into a gaping wound. But his heart was in his work and though at times in the privacy (?) of the barrack room he would give vent to his longings for the wild vast expanse of the West, he struggled manfully on, determined to overcome all obstacles and become a good Cavalry man. With vigor he applied the dandy brush to his horse's sides and was conscientious in the use of the body brush. Alas, his good intentions went for naught. At inspection one Saturday morning

he reluctantly confessed he had not sponged out the animal's nostrils or eyes, nor had he used the hook-pick. In a few pithy remarks he was made aware of his awful omissions in regard to a quadruped's toilet, and then it was, the iron entered his soul. "And I thought I knew all about horses," he bitterly bewailed subsequently; "I've always groomed my horse carefully and well, but I don't know anything about this damp hool business of manieuring them."

She was a perfect lady and had definite ambitions of a social nature, finding herself at dinner to a mere Lt.-Col. of the permanent force she decided to make an impression from the outset. "Oh yes," she said, "I always feel at home amongst the Officers, you see my Grandfather was a General at Waterloo, where he won the V.C.

"Why should a woman want anything better than to stay at home and build a palace for her personality?"—Maurice Chevalier.

Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

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In front Imperial Theatre

Richelieu St. St. Johns

Soldier, (on Motor Cycle) having disposed of lady's puppy.

"Madam, I will replace the animal."

Indignant owner, "Sir, you flatter yourself."

While Pte Hills is in Georgetown Mess, all of the girls in town will turn out when they hear of his return. Hills is some sheik with the women.

Last week "M" Company had three orderlies for the Commanding Officer: Ptes. Tetreault, Hills, and Raffa. Keep this up, men, and we will have one every time that we mount guard.

Of A Private Souldier

1. If he hath not served before he ought to be between twenty and thirty years of age, for it is hard to train old Novices.

2. He ought to be of a strong lusty, and well shaped body, and he ought to have a good face and good limbs.

3. He ought to be free of all Infamy, and Scandal, and of a good report in the Town, Village, or Country, where he was born and bred.

4. If he hath been formerly in the service he ought to have a lawfull discharge, and a sufficient testimony of his good behaviour and faithful service.

5. He ought to endeavour to give his Officers a good impression of him by his Courage, and firmness against the Enemy, and by a punctual Observance of all Orders.

6. He ought patiently to support the fatigue and other inconveniences of long tedious and ill-provided marches and of other actions of the war, opposing rather a generous resolution to all the difficulties which attend his profession, than use any silly or unlawful means for his relief.

7. He ought to watch carefully and examine narrowly his actions, and inclinations, that he may do nothing in Relation to the service or in his personal Comportment as a soldier, which might hinder his preferment and which he would be ashamed of if he should come to be an Officer, and he should shun all occasions of giving or receiving affronts by a sober modest and civil behaviour, and by carefully evacuating the company and conversation of disorderly, and debauched fellows, Joyning himself to those of whom he may learn something of his Duty to God, his Prince, Officers, etc.

8. He ought to employ his spare time in learning to read, and write that he may use the help of Books for his improvement, and that he may be the more capable to do the duty of Corporal or a Sergeant.

9. He ought to be studious to understand the handling of his arms well, and how to use them expertly on occasions, with all the

other necessary parts of Exercise; and not only to know how to do them gracefully himself but also to teach others the same.

10. He ought to be ready and willing to be commanded without examining into the danger, or Inconvenience of his tour, and never to allow another to do his duty, and to reproach such of his fellow soldiers as do the service rather by constraint, than, by the persuasions of Honour, and Probity as their Duty.

11. He ought to keep his arms clean, and in condition to do good service at all times.

12. He ought to be neat, cleanly, and fashionable in his cloaths, and Linnen, that they may rather improve, than diminish his personal features and shape.

13. He ought to lay out his pay upon good and wholesome victuals that he may thereby have strength and vigour to carry him through the hardships of his trade, and to regulate his eating, drinking, and sleep rather according to his time and opportunity, than his appetite.

14. He must be silent and attentive while he is under arms, and respectful and Obedient to the meanest who hath authority to command him.

15. He ought diligently to inform himself how to behave upon Guards, Sentries, in marching and in Camping and how to lodge himself in the fields either in Tents or for want of them how to Hunt.

16. He ought to understand the different beatings of the Drum and punctually to obey them, that he may never occasion any disorder in the Company, or the Battalion.

17. He ought to be modest, civil and obliging in his Quarters.

18. He ought to know the Articles of war, and to regulate himself in all things conformed to the Commands of God, and if his Officers and he ought to serve with Diligence, Obedience, Patience and Resolution not out of fear of Punishment, but by Christian and honest Principles.

(In the Household Bde. Magazine)

Gupard: "Halt, who goes there?"

Recruit: "Oh you don't know me, I've only been here a few days."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who was trooper who wanted two gallons of gas for his motorcycle, and what was left for his cigarette lighter.

Who was that Sergeant, while at the Theatre, one night, found a good example of mistaken identity.

That young trooper who is always singing "Oh, say it is 'nt so," especially, when warned for piquet duty.

Who is the N.C.O. who was recently taken to mud baths?

Who were the two braves who went in swimming on the first of May? we can imagine.

What Trooper Cailyer thinks of house moving?

An Officer lecturing on "Diet in athletics" and to stimulate interest mentions the following performances by vegetarians, "A well known walker once walked from Toronto to Montreal in record time, and had no blisters." "A lady cyclist rode a push bicycle from Toronto to Montreal also on record time.

Bright Student, "Any Blisters, Sir?"

1st Relief piquet: "The Horse is a very strange animal."

2nd relief, "How come?"

1st relief, "Because it always eats when it has not a bit in its mouth."

One who over hears "Oh, Oh, The baron cracks a wise one."

From all the plagues that vex this life

Good Lord deliver me

And save me from that human fiend

Who is always saying "see".

Officer: (Very angrily) "Not a man in this Company will be given liberty this afternoon."

Voice in the rank: "Give me liberty, or give me death."

Officer: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Hendry."

With the Compliments of
James F. Cosgrave,
Toronto, Ont.

Musketry Training.

The object of Musketry training is to teach the soldier to ignore his enemy until he is within striking distance, and then use the bayonet. In its elementary stage the soldier is taught how to pronounce "Scruttonisms" such as "Nomen-kulture," "Theorytical," "Sillyut," etc., and the Latin equivalents of the "Cocking piece locking recesses, and the short arm of the sear, etc. He is then inoculated with the Spirit of Bayonet and the recruit arrives at the conclusion that "dum vita est spes est."

When sufficient retrogression is noticed in the recruit, he is introduced to the "Bull" and is told that this same bovine wears a wristwatch on his dial, or a dial on his face, whereon will be found, unless obliterated by the presence of a second hand the figure six. This "six o'clock aim" as it is termed, is next explained, and the recruit is urged that this is the best time to do his shooting. His imagination is now drawn upon, in order to approximate a centre of

the "U" of the back sight. It is essential at this stage to impress upon the soldier, that the best view of the enemy is to be obtained through this little "U" and if he should wish to maintain an interrupted view, he should not let the foresight get in the way. Before any further measures are taken the recruit should now be sent to the Barracks Orchestra to borrow the triangle. It is this stage that the system known as the triangle of error, is introduced. By this system the instructor will be able to find out whether boils on the neck are hereditary, or merely providential; and if a butter cup is placed in the butt trap open for the occasion, it is a sure indication whether the recruit is fond of butter or not.

Having satisfied himself that the recruit knows how to spell "idiosyncrasy," he is, with others less fortunate perhaps, taken to a secluded and draughty spot, like the old fort, and taught to Stand, Kneel and, unless previously qualified, to Lie also.

He is now almost ready to fire

his first shot; and in order to give him confidence, a well holed target should be used with five holes through the "Bull," and the recruit issued with five rounds of blank. A horsewhip lashed across his flanks at each shot, will produce the sensation caused by the kick of real live stuff. Further target practice will only be the waste of good ammunition, so the recruit is taught how to extend himself two, four and six paces. The use of cover is next taught. Some soldiers never realize how important it is to get in out of the rain. Indication of target is also explained, and the recruit is placed close to the target pointing to it, while the remainder of his class do their best to hit him. Judging distance is probably the least interesting part of the course. In this department, the recruit usually finds himself at a loss unless he adopts the regulation squint.

The recruit is now ready for transportation to the classification range, having completed his course in musketry training. He is, therefore, taken over to the men's

mess and given the furnace to look after.

Tripod.

When we are able to see through the telephone we may get a good deal of pleasure out of wrong numbers, but, you never know?

Then there was the absent minded Colonel, who on seeing his wife off at the Station, kissed the porter, and handed his wife a shilling.

"When I was a little boy" said the Sergeant-Major sweetly, "My mother told me not to cry when I lost my wooden soldiers. 'Some day Johnny dear, you will get those wooden soldiers back.'"

Then with a full parade ground roar, he added, "And believe me you wooden headed scarecrows, that blooming day has come."

The dimmer the porch light, the greater the scandal power.

"I am confident that the mere feeling that lies within us will bring better days for us all."—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Colonel Camelot's Conjuncture.

(From "The Fighting Forces,"
1924.)

PART II

"'Hoch, hoch, Parapin!'" they cried, standing in their stirrups and waving their swords 'Hoch' of course is not Russian—I forget the Russian—it is all so long ago..'" The Prince again passed his hand over his forehead.

"What were the enemy doing all this time?" asked the colonel.

"Nothing. They were exhausted. In those days I had a big voice. I stood in the middle of my brigades. 'Little children,' I cried, 'the time has come. The crossings must be ours. Behind the enemy lies the vodka distillery of Karakak. Let us charge. Vive le Tsar! Vive la Patrie!'"

"Regiment after Regiment, we swept down the hillside, changed into column and reeled across the bridges. Seven men I shot dead, and then I drew my sword and we charged on intoxicated by this carnage of slaughter. Right and left I hewed the vitals from men. Suddenly my pony was shot under me, and I was thrown forward. In mid-air, as one would a tennis ball two enemy slashed at me, and I knew no more."

The colonel nodded his head sympathetically.

"And, your bold operation. Did it succeed?"

The Prince shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. I have never seen anyone who rode with me that afternoon."

The colonel looked at the Prince.

It sounded an improbable story, but he believed the Prince, as far as he knew, was telling the truth. He rather fancied he might not be quite right in the head, poor devil! He had gone through enough to turn most people into lunatics. Anyhow, he was a gallant fellow. "Prince," he said, "I should like you to come up and see us in barracks one day. Will you come?"

"My dear colonel, nothing, nothing would I like more."

His joy was quite pathetic to witness. "It would interest me enormously to see your English horsemanship. May I come next

week? I am away until then."

"Any day you like. Say Wednesday."

"Most good," said the Prince, making a note of the date, "I shall indeed look forward to it. It is so kind of you. Now tell me about the campaign in the west. I have talked too much about myself."

IV

The colonel encountered Bobby at breakfast next morning. "Pity you weren't at the dinner last night," he said.

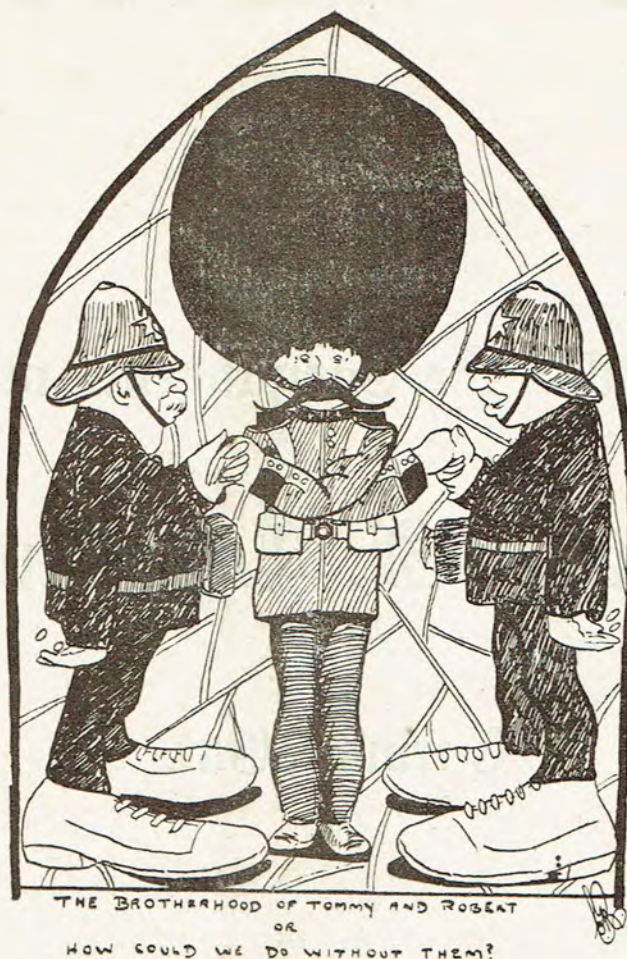
Bobby agreed and damned his car. He asked after the Prince.

"Queer fellow," said the colonel.

"Seen a lot of curious things, though, Colonel."

"Oh, undoubtedly. I liked him. He's going to pay us a visit next week. Wednesday, I think."

During the next few days Bobby had a troop inspection of everything that could be inspected. His squadron leader thought he had gone mad; but it was a useful form of insanity, and he said nothing. Bobby was content to put up with this silence. The Prince, he felt certain, would have a great deal to say about his troop.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF TOMMY AND ROBERT
OR
HOW COULD WE DO WITHOUT THEM?

On the morning of the Prince's visit a polite note reached the adjutant from the country, where Bobby had gone to hunt the day before, announcing that he had a chill, and would be returning to duty as soon as possible. There seemed to be some fate against Bobby and the Prince meeting.

About eleven the distinguished figure of the latter appeared striding across the square. He wore a voluminous coat with an astrakhan collar, and an ancient bowler, also a little furry.

The colonel went out to greet him, brought him into the mess and introduced him all round. The Prince shook hands with everyone and took off his hat several times.

"A glass of port?" said the colonel. "It is cold outside."

It was. A penetrating wind blew from the north-east, accompanied with sharp sleet showers.

"Thank you," said the Prince slapping his gloved hands together and marking time with his feet. "By the way, my friend Bobby? I don't see him."

"He's laid up with a chill in the country," said the colonel.

The Prince seemed disappointed. "Such a nice boy," he said.

He finished his port. "And now many I see your great histor-

ical picture of bygone people?"

The colonel left the fire reluctantly and showed him the various prints and pictures with adorned the mess. He appeared profoundly interested. The inspection over, the Prince produced a camera from his pocket and asked if he might take a group of the officers, as a souvenir, he explained, of this proud day in his life. It was difficult to refuse such a request.

They went and stood on the steps outside. The wind had strengthened into a gale. It seemed poor weather for photography. At this moment there happened to walk across the square good-looking Mr. Pemberton, the bandmaster. The Prince sighted him. "Who is the man like Beethoven?" he asked.

Nobody knew Beethoven, but the colonel explained that the man in question was the bandmaster.

The Prince requested that he might be asked to join the group. The orderly officer was told to fetch him. Everyone waited shivering, fearing the Prince would consider the presence of the band necessary as well. Russians are so musical. Mr. Pemberton arrived and was presented, and the officers formed into a group. The Prince did not seem very handy with his camera, and he took six exposures to insure against failure. The whole performance lasted a quarter of an hour, and then stables sounded.

"Come and see the horses," said colonel.

"Surely," said the Prince, "it is that I have come for."

As they walked slowly through the stables the Prince described how in his old regiment the scene had been so different. "Not, of course, my dear Colonel, that everything is not very well and quickly done; but I miss the music. For instance, this reminds me so." He picked up a wisp that was lying on the floor. "When the men used these they would sing old folk songs, slapping their horses in time with the music, the whole troop together. The sergeants would dance down the line seeing that the men worked properly and in time. I shall never forget those days. There is nothing like it here."

"Nothing," said the colonel.

The Prince stopped. They had come to Bobby's troop.

"Officers' chargers?" he asked.

"No," the colonel replied, "only

one of the troops."

"The horses look splendid. Look at their coats; marvellous!"

The colonel looked. They certainly did seem well. Really, Bobby had pulled himself together tremendously. He must tell him so.

The Prince spoke to one of the men who had finished his horse and was cleaning his kit.

"Very clean," he said; "you take a pride in your work. That is good. Your officer takes a great pride in his troop. Yes? I can see that is so."

"As a matter of fact," said the colonel, "this is Bobby Martin ear's troop."

"It is very good indeed. The best I have seen. But they are all good. I congratulate you."

They walked back to the mess and the Prince had another glass of port. Then he got up.

"I must be going," he said, "but first let me say how much of pleasure this visit has given me. You have splendid officers under you. I have, indeed, never seen a finer troop than Mr. Martineau's though, of course, I cannot speak of their work in the field—and they are fortunate in having so gallant a soldier to command them." The Prince bowed. "Time was when I would have said to you, 'Whenever you come to Russia remember a friend awaits you. you must see my regiment. You must stay with me. We will do much together.' But now all that is past. Where gratitude is concerned I am, alas! a bankrupt. I have naught to offer you but my poor thanks."

"Nonsense, my dear Prince," said the colonel; "your visit here has been a very real pleasure. The longest night comes to an end. Let us hope that dawn will soon break on your poor country."

The Prince was too moved to reply. He wrung the colonel's hand and left the room.

Colonel Camelot watched him striding across the square. "Extraordinary fellow," he thought "Bobby's troop seemed very good. The makings of a good squadron leader. He must keep his eye on him."

The colonel's reflections were abruptly interrupted. A large bull-terrier had gambolled across the square and was leaping at the Prince with excited barks. The Prince hurried on, disregarding

the dog, who continued his demonstrations of affection. Nothing unusual in the incident except that that colonel knew the dog, an ill tempered animal that adored his master and was inclined to bite other people. It belongs to Bobby.

The colonel's eyes narrowed as he watched Prince and dog disappear from sight. After some reflection he sent a wire to Bobby in the country; quite a simple wire asking if he was better, but one, seeing that it came from his commanding officer, that demanded a reply. No reply came. Instead the same wire came back in the evening redirected to barracks Colonel Camelot took the liberty of opening it, though he did not like to be placed in a position where such course was necessary. For the moment, however, having a sense of humour, he smiled and did nothing.

V

Next morning Bobby returned to duty. Going to bed, he explained had knocked his chill on the head. The Prince, he was told, had spoken very highly of his troop. He was also told next time he made friends with a mad Russian general to keep his friends to himself. However, nasty little speeches didn't matter much. What did was that he had carried through so delicate a business with such gratifying success. He could now take up again the threads of the Wembury romance where they had been so rudely snapped.

The adjutant came into the room. "The colonel wants you in the orderly-room," he informed Bobby.

Bobby got up. How different his feelings on this occasion as he walked there. The colonel seemed in excellent humour. He smiled at Bobby as he came in, and inquired after the chill.

"The Prince came round stables yesterday," he said. "He spoke very highly of your troop. It certainly was very good."

"Thank you, Colonel."

"I have gravely under-estimated your intelligence."

"You have," thought Bobby, but he said nothing.

"I see no reason why with application and hard work you shouldn't go far."

"Nor do I," thought Bobby.

"But I certainly don't intend to."

"In many ways you are extremely like your friend the Prince. He has gone far. Like causes produce like effects."

"Thank you, Colonel."

"Your brains are too good to use on ordinary regimental routine. I have put your name down for the Staff College."

Bobby's confident feeling slipped away. He was seized with apprehension. A cold sweat broke out on his lazy countenance.

"I shall expect you to work for it. When people fail to do a thing within their power I am liable to disappointment. I hope you won't disappoint me—again."

"I'll do my best," said Bobby in a hollow voice.

"Cleverness such as yours can take you anywhere, but it has its dangers; so mind you use and don't abuse — you understand, abuse—your brains."

The colonel gave him a long sinister look.

Bobby's apprehension changed to a damning suspicion.

"By the way, the Prince has kindly consented to give a course

of lectures on the Russian Army I think it would be a courteous action if you attended them. They will be on Wednesday at five o'clock. Just in case the Prince should be prevented from coming you might work up the subject yourself so as not to disappoint the men. All right, Bobby; that's all, thank you."

In front of Bobby's eyes, blotting out the fair vision of the future, rose the high wall of conviction. He felt that he must say something. He must insist that his brain was not suited to working for the Staff College and preparing a course of lectures on a difficult subject, that the men would easily survive their disappointment if the lectures were not opinion of your capabilities is not given. But one's colonel's high a subject for protest.

"Yes?" said the colonel, seeing the struggle that was going on; "what is it?"

An inarticulate noise was Bobby's sole tribute to the mountain of conflicting emotions down which he slipped. He hurriedly left the room. Clouds of gloom, thicker than words can say, des-



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cended on him as he passed to the future of his military ambition, and, like the last soft glow of sunset, Mrs. Wembury faded into night.

The Battery

(By Llewellyn Hughes)

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The author of *THE BATTERY*, Llewellyn Hughes, served during the war with the 10th Canadian Siege Battery as a gunner. Copyright of this story is held by P. S. Collier and Son Company and permission to use it has been obtained from the author.

It rained. And it gave no sign of ceasing. It came down in whirling torrents. It poured off our steel helmets and streamed down our rubber caps. I tell you it ran in rivulets from the flanks of our horses. And we were going into action, going in to get our baptism of fire, to "do or die" for our country. We seemed to be in a dungeon, at the bottom of a pit where the forces of heaven and hell had joined hands against us, and a cruel rain drove into our faces and

tried to hold us back. There was no star to guide us; not a ray of light anywhere.

Now and then a milky flare splashed silently against a horizon of ink, but otherwise it was a wilderness. We could not see one yard of the road ahead of us. Only the jingle of harness, the rumble of gun and carriage, told of our presence. And we were lads the majority of us; mere kids, you might say, but eager and strong and willing; anxious to prove our mettle and fight like men.

Not one of us—except for our captain and the battery sergeant major—knew anything about war. Of course we had practiced at the training camps, but we had never smelled powder, as they say. Just a bunch of boys, and that's a fact. And we were wet through and through and cold, bitter cold. But we kept going, the heads of men and horses bowed to the rain.

And that is how I remember the war. I shall always see it from the back of a dripping horse in the dead of a black and ugly night when soaked gunners sat graven on their limbers; when the smell of sweating horses was pun-

gent in the nostrils; when France and all her ruin lay dormant under a cold November rain, and when milky flashes—far up the Arras-Cambrai road—tried to pierce the leaden sky.

By Jove, it was glorious! I would not have missed it for the ransom of a potentate. There is a time in a chap's life when such a moment seems created for him, and if he never experiences it he has lost the one great chance to test his strength, his manhood. I would go through it again—if I could yes, to-morrow. I was young, Under my drenched shirt the blood coursed madly through my veins. I wanted to ride like a young knight through the terrors of darkness, and come out of it shining with glory. I burned with the ambition, the spirit, the courage to give of my best and be the equal of any of them; and I looked forward to the morrow when I would help to man my gun and show what I was made of.

It rained. And we had been riding for hours. Six field guns we were; four horses to a gun. And about midnight we rode into a village. It was gray and shadowy

and our guns thundered over the cobblestones. There, in what was left of the market place, our captain blew on his whistle, and we came to a halt. I could see the phantom-like, effigy of a church, the tattered, weeping remnants of a house. The place was strangely ominously silent. And I remember turning in my saddle and looking backward through the night over the long, long trail I had traversed since the day I had come to the end of my journey and that on the morrow I would find the adventure for which my heart was plunging.

Then the runner found us, and we were off again—this time sharp to the left. In the pitch dark we trotted across a field, and suddenly one of the gun teams slid thirty yards and went down in a tangle of man, horse and gun. The rear teams would have crashed into them, but brakes were jammed, horses pulled to their smoking haunches. And I can still hear the echo of the lieutenant's voice through the blackness and the rain: "What is it, Sergeant?"

To be continued.



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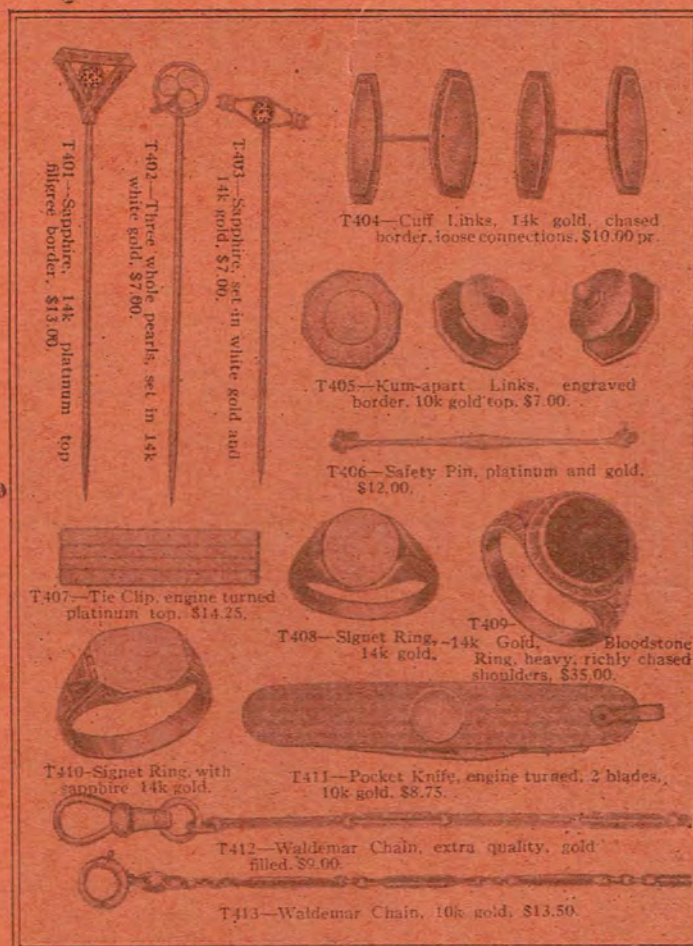
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